

TOMORROW'S CHAPTER WILL BE WRITTEN, PUT IN TYPE AND MADE UP BY J. IRVING BELT, FOREMAN OF THE TIMES COMPOSING ROOM

\$250 REWARD
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The Washington Times

CAMOUFLAGED
Will Be Written Entirely By Washingtonians—YOU Can Write the Last Chapter

SECTION TWO.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1919.

SECTION TWO.

This is the speediest serial ever written, because while you are reading today's chapter, tomorrow's is being written. That makes the author hustler.

This story has one peculiarity. The characters disappear, but they never die. Every character that was in the first chapter will be in the last, as no author will be allowed to kill one or add one.

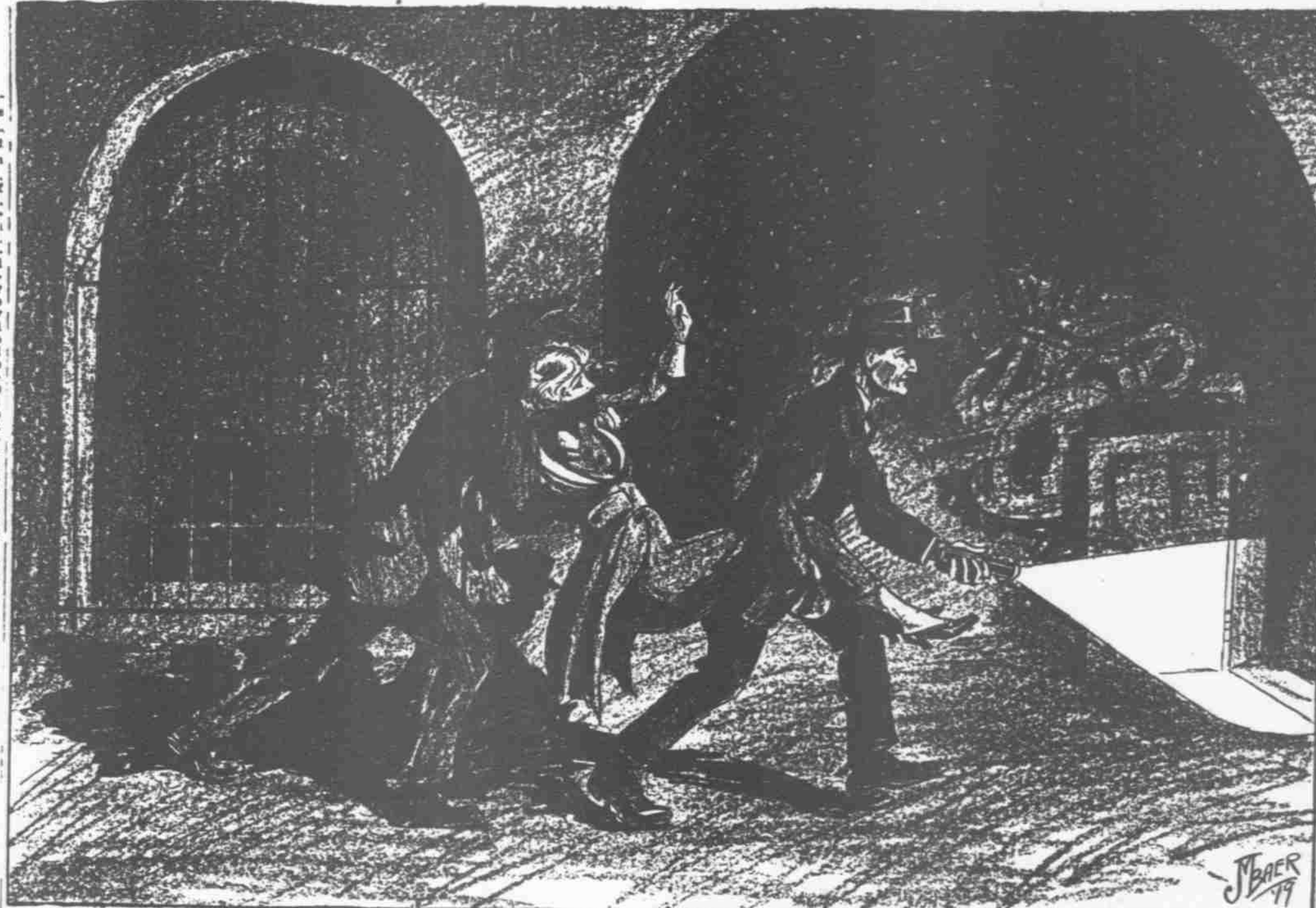
The Times' Great \$250 Reward Serial. You Can Win the Prize If You Write the Best Final Chapter

What Has Happened Up to Date

Major Knowles receives a letter from Denver bank advising him to begin search for Madeline Lucille Connor, who had left Colorado for Washington, carrying the details of a secret process for the transmutation of base metals into gold. Knowles held up by four Chinamen, who secure the letter. He is rescued by Captain Henderson, who had just been robbed of a letter received from Miss Connor. Fuller and Snyder plan to get the chart from Madeline. Mrs. Thayer is also trying to gain the confidence of the Colorado girl, while Wu Tsang, the Chinese diplomat, is working under a cloak of mystery. Lieutenant Kimball has been kidnapped and Madeline Lucille Connor, who has been trapped in the office of Fuller, makes sensational escape out of a window-story window, reaching adjoining office, falls into meshes of conspirators again, is taken to house of Wu Tsang, who locks her in mysterious cabinet.

Lieutenant Kimball is rescued by aviator comrade, phone hotel, is answered by Mrs. Thayer, who impersonates Madeline, makes appointment to meet Kimball at Wu Tsang's house, both taxis are wrecked in collision, Kimball and Mrs. Thayer carried unconscious into the Highlands—conspirators demand that Wu Tsang release Madeline from cabinet—the door is opened, the cabinet is empty, and out runs little Brown Mouse. Madeline escapes by chute to secret cavern, Kimball taken from Highlands unconscious, to temple of Wu Tsang, where he is bound and thrown into cellar. Madeline, trying to escape, discovers Kimball, both give fictitious names, and hide in cavern as the oriental conspirators bring Fuller and Snyder, bound and gagged, into cellar, where they discover the strange disappearance of Kimball. Knowles and Henderson meet at Raleigh, start search for Madeline, and discover that Kimball has disappeared. Madeline at Capitol Park Hotel, learns she and "Lunt" had left with baggage. Madeline recognizes Kimball in basement vault, aviator escapes up chute and, making detour, hurries himself upon Wu Tsang, who is at bottom of stairs in basement, but instead of overpowering the Chinese, Kimball is surprised. Knowles

and Henderson discover House of Mystery, door unlocked, enter and find three Chinamen before carved image of Buddha. Knowles demands the whereabouts of Madeline, a piercing scream of a woman leads rescuers and prisoners to basement. Knowles discovers Wu Tsang in act of sinking dagger into Kimball's heart. Knowles sends bullet to knifeblade breast, it hits Kimball lands uppercut on Wu Tsang, knocking latter unconscious. Bound forms of Fuller and Snyder discovered. Knowles gleefully exhibits and says chart on table. Fuller lights cigarette, throws match into package of powder taken from one of the Chinamen. There was a blinding glare, room was empty and chart was gone, and they were locked in cellar. Three men make escape through coal chute. Madeline intercepted by Mrs. Thayer and induced to go to the latter's country home on island in Potomac, where she is held prisoner. Makes her escape with assistance of Kimball and hydroplane. Kimball loses control while at eight thousand feet, faints, and boat comes to water in fall spin dive. Kimball recovers, rights machine, circles to locate bearing. Knowles and Henderson sail from Henderson's den, discovered by Kimball on Chevy Chase hilltop; quartet go to Raleigh, discover Wu Tsang. Mrs. Thayer, Fuller, Snyder in conference, wild chase in automobiles begins from Raleigh ending abruptly at Madeline's house, wall of fire. Both machines hurtle into river. The chart is thrown from pursued machine; the little "Brown Mouse" starts toward it from the Virginia shore. Motor boat with army officers from Fort Myer captures conspirators in floating li-mousine. Fuller and Snyder leap overboard and escape. Knowles, Henderson, Kimball, and Madeline reach shore safely. Chart rescued by soldier swimming from Fort Myer. Madeline while dining with Kimball receives code message from Knowles advising her to proceed to old house in small cabin; both are not up to date. Accompanied by Kimball, who discovers Mrs. Thayer beaten unconscious in small cabin; both are not up to date. Madeline and Kimball, who were taken to deserted house where Snyder displays missing triangle which is caught by draft of furnace and drawn into the fire.



"She Saw the Iron Gates of the Tomb and the Black Bier Within."

Chapter Ten By Congressman J. M. Baer

Marking the sudden disappearance of the triangle, Madeline cried exultantly: "Now, what are you going to do about it?"

The answer came quick and sharp. "This is what we will do about it," and Lieutenant Kimball, with his gun thrust under the chin of Snyder, waved his hand toward the door above. With quick determination he said: "Hurry, Madeline! Out as fast as you can and wait for me! And you fellows stand right where you are! If either of you makes a move while you are in the line of this gun, he is a dead man! Back up against that wall!"

With steady hand and threatening air, Kimball backed toward the spot where Madeline was waiting. Quick as a flash, he and the fearless mountain girl were running back down the old curdery road along which they had been carried in the creaking old wagon.

Snyder and Fuller heard the approaching cat-tail tread of Wu Tsang. Their faces full of disappointment, they stood in utter self-disgust when the big Oriental, with a disgruntled look, entered the room and said: "You're a fine bunch of amateurs! Don't tell me about your high-class intrigues in America! You're the stupidest bunch I ever saw. Mere Chinese boys in the school of Confucius outclass you high-browed excuses for plotters! The spies of the Orient and Europe have outwitted you in this delicate plot—granda and intrigue. You have had your say long enough—from now on Wu Tsang will be the leader!" and with a disappointed look, the stalwart Chinaman turned his eyes for a moment toward the retort.

The furnace fire was burning low, but even so the sputtering flames had more spirit than had Snyder and Fuller. They had been outdone and outwitted. They realized their inability fully to cope with the young American aviator. Baffled and chagrined, they looked up at Wu Tsang as if they were awaiting his order. But the thoughts of their slant-eyed companion were far away. He glanced nervously at the open furnace door through which the slip of white parchment had so recently and mysteriously disappeared.

Burned to a white ash! That might well have been expected, but it was not to be. Instead, the triangular chart was caught in the powerful draft of the furnace. From the upper edge of the door it flew like a startled thing up through the dusky fire. True, the parchment had been half-drowned, and it was still damp. A high wind had so increased the draft through the connecting pipes that the paper, only slightly scorched, slipped through the furnace without being devoured by the hungry flames. It was then whirled away to one of those high winds so rare to Virginia, but more often known to North Dakota. It flew in a southeasterly direction, gravely descending as it reached a point near the Capitol grounds.

A few hundred feet from the south-

west corner of the Capitol building, in the direction of the wireless towers, Arlington, is a small gray stone tower. It is disguised by a camouflage of trees. Few sightseers ever suspect that this hidden tower is the intake for the ventilation system of the big marble structure on the hill. The cold air is drawn in through the tower, up through the various halls of the majestic Capitol. True, the air is cool at the strange intake, but as it passes out of the legislative chambers after the heated discussions one cannot vouch for its temperature. Over this hidden tower, or air-well, as it is called, the fire triangle fluttered for a moment, circled rapidly and then dropped straight with a sudden click. The powerful draft of the huge intake sucked the mystic triangle securely against the screen.

Click! Click! In vain it seemed to struggle to escape, but finally it lay close to the fine meshes like a lifeless thing. Yet it was not without life, for the heat of the furnace had developed a new mystery on the wonderful bit of paper.

The old scientist had written in a rude code with invisible ink, and the heat of the furnace had not only dried the parchment, but had also disclosed strange hieroglyphics which added to the deep mystery of the fugitive parchment. On its upper face was this cryptic writing:

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But to return to the vault with the glowing retort where Snyder and Fuller glanced inquiringly at the dreamy Oriental. Wu Tsang looked up again at the two men standing motionless against the wall and continued: "What about the paper? Then he rushed heading through the opening above and his accomplices followed fast on his trail. Once out in the open, he reached down into the inner lining of his coat and drew out a small piece of paper which he threw

high into the air. The wind carried it in a southeasterly direction. Eagerly the three men followed for a few hundred paces. Again and again they threw up pieces of paper, but they were meanwhile searching every tree and bush for the treasured parchment. Several hours they searched, but at last gave up in despair. Weary and disappointed they returned to the ivy-covered building on Connecticut avenue.

Henderson and Knowles had expected to meet Madeline and Lieutenant Kimball at the Raleigh Hotel at 6. They waited until 10 o'clock, but all in vain. They became somewhat worried and wondered what had happened to their associates. At last they decided to start out to the house on Connecticut avenue. Little did they realize that at the same moment they passed out the door which opens on Pennsylvania avenue. Madeline and Kimball pushed their way through the revolving door opening on Twelfth street. Madeline was completely exhausted after another strenuous day of her adventures in Washington.

With exhaustion came a queer languid dreaminess in which strange emotions would fain disport themselves. Not even Madeline knew why she had to speak now, as she looked fondly into the eyes of her soldier hero.

"Things all seem so strange to me now," she said, "I wish you have saved me from—God only knows what terrors! My darling, how can I ever repay you?"

"The thousand times repaid by your slightest hint of praise," assured Kimball, as he raised her soft hands to lips, trembling with emotion.

"Frank, you're a dear soldier—my own true knight!" she said, her voice shaking.

"And you're a true lady, Madeline—a lady worthy of the strongest knight," he vowed. "And some day—some day—" but his stout heart failed him, and he sat silent. For a time no word broke the silence, but their hearts understood.

"Good night, Frank," she said, as she half arose, touched his hand gently, then retired to her chamber, as the young lieutenant sat for a time as if in a lingering dream.

Suddenly Kimball realized that he had barely escaped court-martial twice for failing to appear for regular duties. Consequently he hurried to snatch a few short hours of sleep ere the cruel reveille called him to the morning's routine.

Meanwhile Henderson and Knowles reached the Connecticut avenue dwelling and were peering in through the windows just as Wu Tsang, Snyder, and Fuller returned. Seeing the two men's heads silhouetted against the light of the window they sneaked up behind and again took them captive. They forced them into the old basement, where they were bound and tied.

Wu Tsang went over to the two bound bodies which lay on the floor and examined the knots. He had become acquainted with the fact that the Americans had not done a very good job in the past. He ordered more rope and added a few more twists and Oriental knots. He wanted to make sure, for this time at least, that there would be no chance for escape. The three then went upstairs for consul-



CONGRESSMAN J. M. BAER.
Writer and Illustrator of Today's Chapter of
"Camouflaged."

tation. Snyder and Fuller agreed they must have better organization.

"There is one sure thing about the human animal," said Snyder, "and that is that he will get into a club, society, fraternal or association, wherever his line, and every time the organization fails to accomplish its purpose he will call the group together and emphasize to it that the reason it has failed is because it had not sufficiently co-ordinated its forces."

"Crooks will organize and honest men will unite against them," said Fuller, "civilization is simply riddled with these movements."

The group was just putting the finishing touches on new plans of attack when it was walked by Mrs. Thayer. She was dressed in a wig and a black and white costume, and she was carrying a small bag.

At that moment a dull thud was heard and Mrs. Thayer fell unconscious to the ground. One of the young Chinamen pulled a beautiful kimono of the Orient out of his coat, and he quickly placed on his head and then slipped into the slithering gown.

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County, she had halted them and addressed her remarks to Wu Tsang.

"Now before we go any farther I want to have an understanding. Each one of us must lay his cards on the table. I have played the confidence of this girl long enough and if I am not going to have my share of this deal I am through."

This irritated Wu, who replied: "You are in on this thing now, you must go through to the end. If there are any spoils you needn't worry about getting your full share."

"But how am I assured that I will get anything out of it?" asked Mrs. Thayer. "I believe that Snyder and Fuller will play fair with me, but I have never had much faith in you."

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sweet aroma of his opium cigarette.

Mrs. Thayer soon recovered from the shock. She arose and began to grope about. The fire, which still burned brightly, disclosed the fact that her disguised guardian was asleep. With his peroxide wig awry the identity of the Oriental was at once apparent. Quickly she searched him and took his revolver. Then she awakened her custodian and told him to walk ahead into the city.

Just at the time when Snyder and Fuller and Wu were forming their particular league of nations, she marched boldly in upon the grounds.

She renewed her demands. "I am here again," she declared, "and I am going to insist upon a square deal."

"If I am not guaranteed the full share in the final outcome I am going to betray the whole bunch, and you will all be in the coop before morning."

A woman does not always obtain her rights. But women of the militant class at the action end of a six-shooter command respect. So it was that Mrs. Thayer was again taken into the confidence of this inquisitive group to carry on their campaign to capture the secret of alchemy.

"One thing we must do and that is to get out of this house," declared Mrs. Thayer. "In the first place it is too public. We are likely to be surrounded at any moment by the police, and we will all be put out of business."

"Where shall we go?" said Snyder. "No matter where we go so long as we get out of here," replied Mrs. Thayer. "I believe the police are on the last few episodes of it," asked Mrs. Thayer. "I will tip us off to Major Pullman; and just, if that fellow ever gets on to just one clue on this matter he will sure trace us down like he has a few other arch criminals, recently."

"Where shall we go?" asked Wu. "I know a place where they will not discover us for weeks. There is a houseboat down on the Potomac. Several small rowboats are on the shore, and we can get out to the houseboat at night without raising the least suspicion," replied Mrs. Thayer.

"Let's go tonight, then," said Snyder, who had a growing fear that their present abode would be discovered, and who had also begun to have more respect for Mrs. Thayer's judgment.

Following this remark, Mrs. Thayer put in a call for her big black touring car, which shortly drove up to the door. The two captives, Henderson and Knowles, were chucked into the back seat. The four conspirators stepped into the car, and Mrs. Thayer stepped off to the bank of the Potomac. Soon their helpless captives were imprisoned in the little old houseboat in the middle of the stream.

Henderson's blindfold had gradually slipped down so that he could peek out between it and the visor of his cap. In the center of the houseboat he discovered an opening which apparently led directly down through the bottom of the boat. He could not figure out what kind of a boat he was in. He had a dull thud was heard and Mrs. Thayer fell unconscious to the ground. One of the young Chinamen pulled a beautiful kimono of the Orient out of his coat, and he quickly placed on his head and then slipped into the slithering gown.

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How You Can Win \$250

The entire story of "CAMOUFLAGED" will be written by twenty-eight Washingtonians—all of whom you know. Each chapter will be from the pen of a different author—and the Thirtieth Chapter, will be an open competition among all the readers of THE WASHINGTON TIMES.

The writer who can successfully solve this mystery and write the best final chapter of "CAMOUFLAGED" will receive a cash prize of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, in addition to the honor of having won this remarkable literary contest.

of a wireless. Where could he be? What kind of new trap had these schemers devised? He lay immovably at the edge of the opening which, from all appearances, resembled a cockpit filled with water.

Suddenly he heard a noise—a sort of rumbling in the water, then some all came to the surface. Where was he, and what could all this mean? A periscope gradually appeared above the water's surface. Next the turret worked its way into the opening. A trap door opened and out of it sprang two sailors in strange uniforms. The next moment Henderson and Knowles were dropped into the submarine.

The trap door closed. They could hear the vibration of the engine. They knew that they were being carried away.

Madeline awoke after a good night's rest. She was again free. The strenuous days that had just passed would have been an intense strain on the nerves of the average girl, but the intensity of the fire of this new and extraordinary life had kept them like steel. It would be natural to suppose that she would want quiet after such strenuous days. Madeline, however, could not be content with rest and quiet. She longed to see the sights of the Capitol. If there were any place in all the world where she could feel safe, she felt that it would be in the big marble structure on the hill.

The thought of the Capitol recalled to her mind that one of the Senators was an old acquaintance of her father. She had seen his signature many times on the framed envelopes which came to her father's desk. Maybe this great man could give her information concerning this strange case.

"This is Madeline Connor," she said timidly over the telephone. "My father, John Stanton Connor, knew a well-known man who was living. May I ask for an appointment to see him?"

"All right. Pardon me, but can you give me the name of some reliable person to whom I can refer you?"

"Oh, you will send your card down? I am ever so grateful. Good-by."

The trouble was, even then, that the wires leading from her room were tapped and that everything she said over the phone was just the same as if she had given the information directly to her enemies. She would not have been so free. In a few minutes the bell rang again, and a voice said: "I am a Senator's secretary. He desires me to bring you to the east entrance on the Senate side of the north door. He advises you to walk straight through the main corridor in order to obtain the best interior view of the Capitol."

It was early in the morning, and a few stray sightseers were straggling through the halls. All the legislators were busy in their offices. The Capitol is usually quiet before 10 o'clock in the morning and after 5 o'clock in the evening.

When Madeline alighted from the big limousine. A guide directed her to the main corridor.

It is a peculiar fact that the average American citizen is not so familiar with our Capitol as are many aliens and spies.

Even some of the guards are not aware of the numerous alcoves, corridors, and recesses throughout the building. There are various secret chambers, winding staircases, elevators, shafts, conduits, subways, tubes, fire-vents, and many out-of-the-way places that no one could know without a thorough investigation.

It is said that one familiar with the intricacies of the Capitol could easily keep out of sight of pursuers for several days. Some of the constituents may have learned this in their vain pursuit to obtain an audience with their Congressmen.

To the south of the crypt in the sub-basement, there is a practically unknown underground vault. In the early days the meetings of the conferees on important measures were held in this vault. The Congressmen used this chamber so that those selected in memory of George Washington, the burial place was constructed, but never used. Around the proposed memorial the dreary concrete walls formed cells for prisoners.

during the civil war. Leading off from the crypt is an iron door which extends through a passageway into other vaults, and eventually leads into obscure recesses.

At each corner of the base of the main dome are four large cisterns, one used to provide the water supply. The foundations of these cisterns are laid many feet below the sub-basement floor, and their walls run up to the outer rim of the skirt of the main dome.

After being directed by the guide, Madeline started down the main corridor toward the House. As she passed the door of the Supreme Court room and entered the narrow doorway to the circular well on the way to the rotunda of the big dome, she little realized that she was being shadowed by two men. As she rounded this circular air well, which reminds one of familiar pictures of the old Roman baths, thick marble walls completely obscured her from the view of persons along the corridor.

At this point she was confronted by a strange woman wearing a heavy dark veil. In an instant she was lifted from the floor and thrust through an opening in the wall. She found herself in the rotunda of the big dome, she little realized that she was being shadowed by two men. As she rounded this circular air well, which reminds one of familiar pictures of the old Roman baths, thick marble walls completely obscured her from the view of persons along the corridor.

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TO THE READERS OF "CAMOUFLAGED"

The Times has received several anonymous letters declaring that the names which are affixed to the various chapters of "Camouflaged" are not those of the real writers, but that the story is being written by me, and the various authors allow the use of their names.

This charge is as unjust as it is untrue. I consider myself a reasonably good writer, but I couldn't, to save my soul, do the splendid and ingenious work that is being done by the authors of "Camouflaged." I wish I could.

Please believe that the stories are the actual work of the Washingtonians whose names are signed to them and give them the full credit for the very remarkable ingenuity and literary ability each one of them is displaying.

GEORGE HARRIS DONOHUE.